

B.

BLUE
JACKETS



The Blue Jackets.

REV. & ANACLE (after dance, having picked up pin cushion.) What's this
your honor!

Duncombe's Edition.

THE BLUE JACKETS,

OR

HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE!

A FARCE,

IN

One Act.

By EDWARD STIRLING, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE PICKWICK CLUB, WOMAN'S THE DEVIL, CARLINE,
BACHELOR'S BUTTONS, &c.

THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION,
FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK;

To which is added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,
SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES AND
DIRECTIONS

AS PERFORMED AT THE
London Theatres.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr Findlay, from a Drawing, taken in the Theatre.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. DUNCOMBE & CO

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

The Gift of
Mrs. G. F. Hall



00245615

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Admiral Trunnion, Port Admiral, rich and testy Mr. F. Matthews
Charles Herbert, Honourable and Romantic .. Mr. Saville
Ben Binnacle, a Superannuated Seaman Mr. O. Smith
Mr. Chaser, an Invalided Master at Arms,
commanding the Bombshell Mr. Cullenford
Jacko, a Negro Mr. Sanders
Fanny Trunnion, daughter to the Admiral, alias
Lieutenant Firefly, of the Skyrocket Fire
Ship, and Commander of the Blue Jackets Mrs. Honey
Betsy Bodkin, her Maid, alias Pitch-and-Tar, a
Blue Jacket Mrs. Keeley
Blue Jackets, Sailors, Marines, &c.

First produced at the Adelphi Theatre, October 15th, 1838.
 Time in Representation—50 minutes.

COSTUME.

Admiral—Admiral's uniform.
 Herbert—Suitout coat, white waistcoat, black trousers.
 Ben—Sailor's dress.
 Chaser—A blue coat, waistcoat, trousers, cocked hat.
 Jacko—Red shirt, sailor's trousers, cap.
 Fanny—White muslin frock, &c. Second dress. Lieutenant's uniform.
 Betsy—Coloured gown, cap. Second dress. Sailor's jacket red waist-
 coat and white trousers, white glazed hat.
 Blue Jackets—The same.

THE BLUE JACKETS.

SCENE I.—*A Library with folding Doors v. Naval Pictures. Two Tables, one with writing materials, and a hand Bell on it. Books, &c. on the other. Four Chairs.*

Music. ADMIRAL TRUNNION discovered at table R. H. writing.
BEN BINNACLE attending.

Trun. (*Writing and reading at the same time.*) “Keep the prisoner safe under hatches, well provisioned and watered, till further orders. Trunnion.” [*Folds paper.*] Here, I think that will soon bring the young pirate to a proper anchorage, if anything will. Give this order to Mr. Chaser when you deliver your prisoner to him. [*Gives paper to Ben.*]

Ben. Aye, aye, your honor! [*Putting it in his tobacco box*]

Trun. They thought to out manœuvre me, did they? run down an old sailor—cut a vessel out of my own dock, and sail off under false colours! By Nelson’s cocked hat, if they had attempted it, I’d a blown em both out of the water. My daughter shall sail in company with Captain Cathead, or remain single for life. What the devil do you say, you porpoise?

Ben. Why, if I say anything, yer honor, I’d rather take grog than biscuit.

Trtn. Aboard, you lubber! and see that Herbert goes safely with you.

Ben. All taut, your glory. He’s stowed away in the jolly boat, and a nice bother he made when we laid our grappling irons aboard on him—he palavered about law and justice, and other outlandish lingo; swore he’d blow you to the devil, and hang every mother’s son of us. He kicked and plunged like a young grampus when he first gets the taste of a delicate harpoon in his vitals. Jack Sykes, pitying his obstropolishness, and in order to mollify him a bit, threatened to push a tar brush down his throat, and make him dance “Jack’s the lad” on a boarding pike!

Trun. You have been too violent with him.

Ben. Lord love you, it ain't no violence—it's only a little gentle persuasion—we all on us treated him like a messmate. I offered him my 'bacca—box and all; and Taffrail challenged him to fight for a gallon of rum, but nothing seemed to please him; so we clapped a stopper on his tail—tied him head and feet, and left him snugly stowed away in the stern sheets of the jelly boat!

Trun. (*Gives money*) On your lives don't suffer him to leave the ship without my permission!

Ben. No, no. To prevent his slipping his cable, yer honor, we'll tie him to the caboose in the day, and sew the swab up in his hammock at night.

Trun. He must be treated like a gentleman!

Ben. I'll treat him to anything he likes, from heaving the lead to weighing an anchor. I know eddication and manners—my old mother—she's gone to glory, where Polly Long's gone, was a gentleman every inch of her. She was a schollard, yer honor, and could read the newspaper backwards without spectacles and made pancakes, lobscouse, chowder, and egg flip, better nor any captain in the sarvice!

[*Ben makes a bow and exits* L E L. H.

Trun. And drank it afterwards. I'll be sworn! Master Ben's politeness and the cabin of an old seventy four, will soon cool the young gentleman's courage! Make love to my daughter without asking permission, will he? Cannon and bombshell! I'll soon teach him better manners; and she, the baggage, to encourage his addresses after all the pains and trouble I have bestowed upon her. Havn't I taught her the name of every rope in the ship? Can't she box the compass and pipe all hands, as well as any middy afloat? and this is the return she makes me for it all. She tells me she will not marry Captain Cathead, preferring to choose a Mr. Herbert, a nobody knows who sort of fellow—a pretty husband for a sailor's daughter. Cathead is worth a thousand of him! I'll disinherit her—I'll marry again! Eh? zounds that won't do; one pill as they say with medicine, is a dose—mine was a tolerably strong dose too. The late Mrs. Admiral Trunnion was a tartar! No, no, I'll never sail under the white flag again. [*Sits at table* R, H.

Enter FANNY through folding doors, singing.

Trun. Fanny, my dear —

Fan. (*Sings.*) Fal, la!, la!

Trun. Fanny, I want to——

Fan (*Sings.*) "Marry me, marry me—Peter he would marry me!"

Trun. (*Aside.*) She alludes to Cathead. [*Aloud.*] Harky• miss! [*Rises*]

Fan. La, pa! how you bawl.

Trun. Why don't you answer, then? Where have you been

Fan. Looking at the sea—such a glorious sight—a l smooth and calm; sun shining brilliantly—the rippling waves appear like molten gold—then the gallant vessels with their white sails at, and pennants flying in the wind—scores of blue jackets round the rigging—all is animation and activity. I never look upon those noble ships riding in the bay, but I think they are so many guardian Genii, appointed by old Neptune to guard and watch our shores!

Trun. They are the mighty engines of a free constitution, to preserve and protect our liberty and peace! Listen to me, and with attention if you can. Captain Cathead will come here to-day. Do you hear that?

Fan. Yes, sir!

Trun. I suppose you can guess why he comes, miss?

Fan. Is it to play at backgammon with you, sir or to throw his wooden leg into the water, for my Newfoundland dog, Biron, to fetch it out again?

Trun. No sarcasm if you please. It is not to play at backgammon with me, or to amuse your Newfoundland dog—but it is to take you to church, madam!

Fan. To church? la, what for? I was there 'twice last Sunday!

Trun. Indeed! then you'll go once more next Thursday to please me

Fan. If I do pa, you must make me a present. What will you give me eh? [*Coaxingly*]

Trun. A husband.

Fan. (*Screams.*) A what?

Trun. A husband. Will you accept the gift?

Fan. No, thank you—I shall present myself with that article when I commit matrimony.

Trun. Jestng is useless! Cathead marrys you on Thursday.

Fan. Marry me? Never!

Trun. You don't mean to say you won't have him?

Fan. I do though. Do you suppose that I would marry a fragment of a man?

Trun. Don't put me in a passion! has he not lost his limbs in his country's service?

Fan. Then let his country serve him with a wife, I am sure I won't. Do you suppose I am going to be the laughing-stock of all my friends—limp to church with a wooden leg? [*Imitating limping.*] Ogl'd all day by a glass eye? No, I'd rather die first!

Trun. Madam, no reflections! if he has but one eye he is the less likely to see your faults.

Fan. Ha, ha! I must allow it would be no difficult matter to get on the *blind* side of the wretch!

Trun. You don't mean to tell me that you won't have the man I have chosen for you?

Fan. Indeed I do though!

Trun. Impossible! you—you dare not say this to my face!

Fan. Sir, I am the daughter of a British seaman, and dare do anything but act with dishonour! [*Crosses to L. H.*]

Trun. (*Aside.*) Damme! she's my own child after all—mustn't give up Cathead, though. Now, Fanny, darling, let us talk the affair coolly over—I wish to be indulgent towards you.

Fan. So it seems, sir!

Trun. You are an ungrateful little puss! and love to teaze and vex your father.

Fan. It's a family fault I fear, sir!

Trun. Well, well, we'll talk no more of marrying to day—the captain will be here to plead his own *cause* to-morrow.

Fan. It will be useless; he's already *unsuited* [*Aside*] to me!—

Trun. You love your father, don't you, puss?

Fan. Devotedly! as much as I regret his foibles.

Trun. Foibles! what foibles? never knew I had any.—What am I, Miss Trunnion?

Fan. A dear, good-natured, testy, self-willed old gentleman! aged sixty four, with a tender heart, and a very obstinate head; rich, gouty, very generous and irritable—possessing many comforts, and one torment in the person of his only daughter, Miss Fanny Trunnion, a self-willed young lady of nineteen, inheriting all her father's graces—accomplishments and failings!

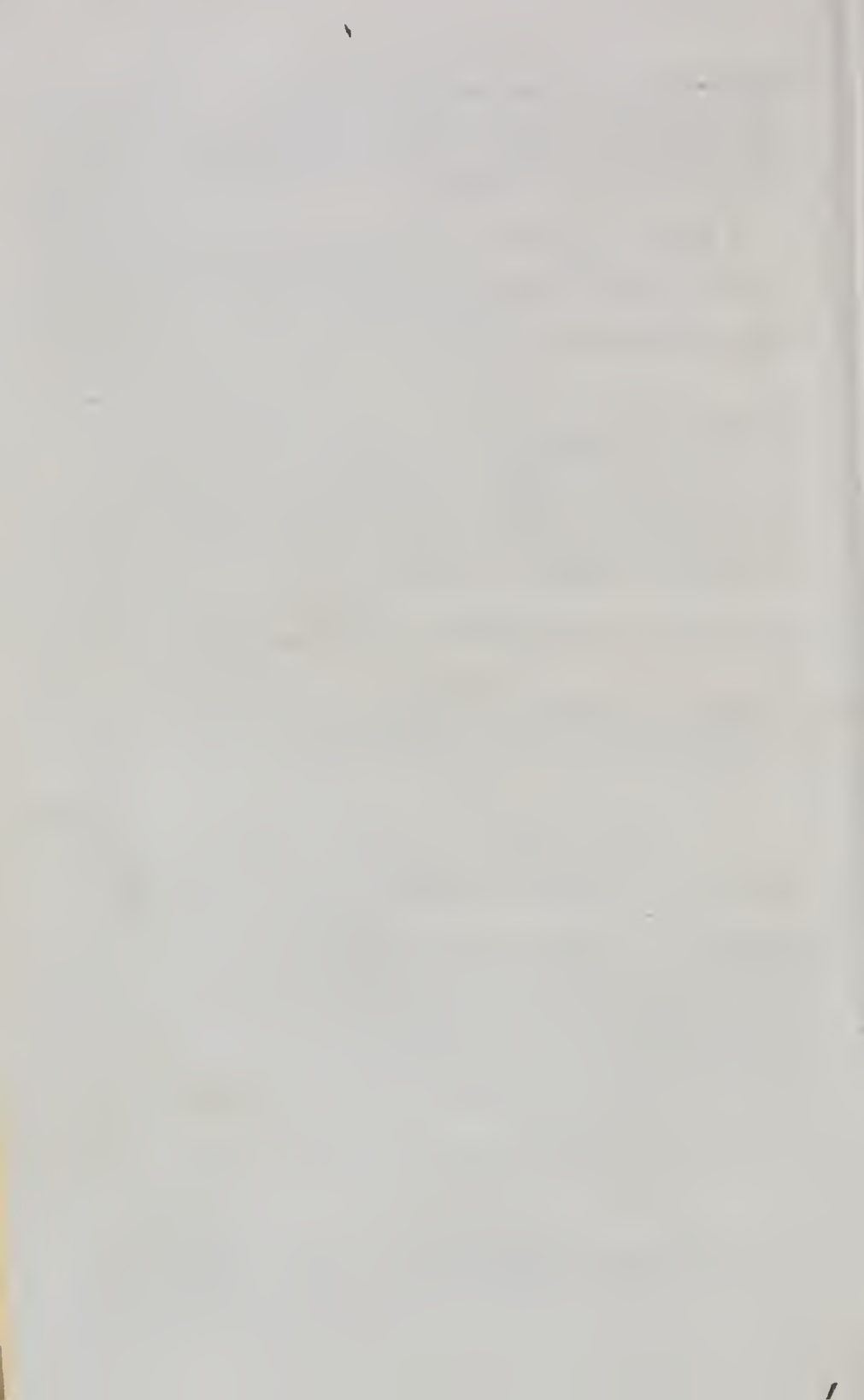
Betsy Bodkin. (*Heard crying without.*) Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Enter BETSY BODKIN, I. E. L. H. crying.

Fan. What is the matter, Bodkin?

Bet. I want to ask his worship, miss, if anything can be lost when you know where it is?

Trun. Certainly not, girl.



Bet. Oh, I am glad of it!

Trun. Why?—

Bet. Because I've let your honor's large silver tankard drop out of the back window into the sea.

Trun. Hussey! get out of my sight, or I shall——

Fan (*interrupts him.*) Lose your temper, pa! Bodkin eave the room!

Bet. Well, I'm snre he needn't be so cantankerous when he knows where the tankard is [*Trunnion raises his cane, which Betsy perceives, and runs off, I E. L. H.*]

Trun. Now obey me, Fanny, and I'll give you all I'm worth; disobey me, and I'll—I'll cut you off with a——

Fan. Shilling! O fie, pa!

Trun. No, I won't. I'll—I'll live a thousand years to plague you! [*Exit I E R. H.*]

Fan. Live, live, dear pa! until you outlive Methusalem, for that sun will never rise that shall behold me Mrs. Captain Simon Peter Cathead—ha, ha! what a horrid name, 'tis enough to set one's tee h on edge. Now to think of my poor Charles. What can I do to assist him? Genius of invention aid me! Oh, I've thought of such a capital plan. The ship is slenderly gwarded. If we—yes, yes, it will do—A brilliant idea! my nautical knowledge will now be of essential service. [*Rings bell.*] Not a moment must be lost!

Enter BETSY BODKIN, I E. R. H. with a clothes prop and a cabbage net attached to a ball of string which she puts on first.

Bet. Oh, miss, I've been trying to fish up the tankard with a ball of string tied a clothes prop, and a cabbage net.

Fan. Never heed the tankard, it will serve the fish to mix their grog in

Bet. Lor, so it will, miss—I never thought of that. I'll run and tell master—[*Going.*]

Fan. No, no remain here. Will you do me a service—you shall be well paid?

Bet. Ain't I so already, miss? Twelve pounds per annum yearly; every other Sunday out, and my young man to see me twice a year: have tea in the kitchen, and play at cards at Christmas!

Fan. I want your assistance in a little stratagem.

Bet. I don't know the gentleman, miss!

Fan. Stupid girl! I mean a plot

Bet. Oh, a Guy Fawkeses—a fifth of November sort of thing

Fan. Ha, ha! just so. You will have to play a principal part in it.

Bet. La! you don't want me to be dressed up as a Guy with the matches and lantern, do you, miss?

Fan. Not quite so bad as that—I only want you to personate a sailor.

Bet. No, do you though? well, I should like to put on the bree—the trousers, I was going to say, of all things; but shan't I soon be found out, miss? my hands ar'n't covered with pitch.

Fan. Never mind the pitch, girl, you must play a tar.—Listen to my scheme. You have, doubtless, observed a handsome dark gentleman, that has several times accosted me on the beach?

Bet. Oh, yes, miss! folks took him for my brother—he's so very good looking.

Fan. My pa wants me to marry an old friend of his, Captain Cathead, with a glass eye and wooden leg—and I, I, you understand, Bodkin!

Bet. Perfectly, you want to marry my brother—the handsome stranger, I mean.

Fan. In order to facilitate his views, the Admiral has caused Mr. Herbert to be conveyed on board the Bombshell hulk, there to be imprisoned until my union takes place, which he imagines will be on Thursday, but which I am resolved shall not.

Bet. That's right, miss! shew a proper spirit—I always does to my young man when he wants to stay after eleven o'clock at night. No, says I, the best of friends must part, as the rat said to his tail when he left it in the trap!

Fan. You are aware that I have at this moment ten or twelve young women at work in the house secretly preparing the dresses I intend to equip them in for the masquerade ball that my father gives next week to the officers, as port admiral!

Bet. You mean the sailors' dresses for the boat's crew, miss?

Fan. Just so. Now if they will consent to wear them for a few hours, and accompany me, we will storm the hulk and set Herbert free.

Bet. Do it! to be sure they will. They are all too fond of wearing the bree—the things they wear on the legs! Besides, it will be such capital fun!

Fan. Run and unmoor the pleasure boat—it lies at the water's edge!

Bet. I know, miss—at the bottom of the garden.

Fan. And get the swords out. 'Tis fortunate Caboose has taught us how to use them.

Bet. Lord ! you won't let them girls carry them—they'll be putting their stupid fingers off !

Fan. Mind, not a word—the least breath would betray us !

Bet. You may depend on me, miss—close as a church. My young man never could get the amount of my savings and perquisites out of me ! Yet I'll do all you want. It is such rare sport—it's worth twenty play actings, and the wild beast shows into the bargain !

[Exit I E. L. H.]

Fan. It is a bold venture, but I am determined to risk it ! If we can but gain the ship unobserved, I'll answer for the result. But the time presses—the crew must be prepared, the boat launched. I trust we shall not disgrace Her Majesty's service—for England expects that every man—woman, I mean—will do her duty !

SONG—FANNY.

The sailor's heart is light and true—
His lass in mind—his port in view—
Let cares and dangers round him throng,
He drives them off with grog and song.
He sees the spreading sails unfurl'd,
That waft him to a distant world.
The parting anchor cheerly heaves,
Though country, friends, and girl he leaves.
Yo ho ! yo, heave oh !

Foaming onward now we go—
Through the silver deep we dash,
While the yielding billows splash,
Singing gaily as we go.
Yo ho ! yo, heave oh !

SPOKEN.—Steady ! steady ! Keep her up—breakers ahead, there ! helm a port ! she touches ! Heave the lead ! Quarter less five ! 'Bout ship ! By the mark seven ! Helmsman, hold to your course. Aye, aye ! Yo ho ! by the deep nine ! She clears ! huzza ! All's well !

Though thunders howl, and lightnings flash,
His heart intrepid, knows no fear—
Though angry billows wildly dash,
And hurl the dreadful surges near—
Undaunted will the helmsman hold
His vessel's head, his watchful eye,
Pursue with anxious heart, yet bold,
His course, though perils round him lie
Yo ho, &c.

[Exit L. H.]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Admiral Trunnion's House Doors
and Window in Flat.*

Enter TRUNNION, R. H.

Trun. (Disconsolately.) All my schemes seem to be thwarted—foul wind blows from every port. Miss Fanny leads me a nice life—squalls from morning till night—my tobacco cut off—pipe hid—grog weakened—all for appearance sake, and the opinions of society.

Bet (Without.) Stop a minute, miss—I've only got to put on the—the what-you-cums——

Trun. (Looking of R. H.) Ulloa! what the deuce is in the wind now? Bodkin sailing under false colours! More annoyance preparing for poor pilgarlic! [*Retires up.*]

Enter BODKIN hastily, R. H. with a sailor's jacket and hat on, carrying a pair of white trowsers and eight swords.

Bet. They are all waiting in the boat. They forgot the swords, so I had to come back. Young missus looks the very moral of old master, only she's not half so ugly.

Trun. (Aside.) Pleasant, this!

Bet. She wants his old red nose, gouty leg, and cane——

Trun. (Coming forward.) You shan't wait it long, bussey! [*Shaking cane at Bodkin, who screams violently and lets the swords fall.*]

Trun. What is the meaning of this tom-foolery? speak!

Bet. I can't, sir—I'm dumb!

Trun. Answer me. Why are you dressed in this ridiculous style, hussey?

Bet. To—to—play act, and do Guy Faux.

Trun. (Taking up trowsers with cane.) And pray what are these, madam?

Bet. I haven't a notion.

Trun. What are they, I say?

Bet. I believe they are—g—ge—gentlemen's petticoats, sir.

Trun. And this is a gentleman's bonnet, I presume? [*He touches her hat with his cane.*]

Bet. Y—ye—yes, sir—the last new fashion. [*Aside.*] What shall I do? he'll find it all out!

Trun. Now endeavour to speak the truth for once in your life, will you?

Bet. I'll—I'll try, sir.

Trun. What are all these things for?

Bet. To—to wear, sir

Trun. So I should imagine, madam. But who is to wear them, pray ?

Bet. Young missus, and ten or twelve more sailor chaps.

Trun. And where ?

Bet. At the masquerade ball. They are going dressed up as man of war's men

Trun. (*Aside.*) A frolic of Miss Fanny ! The jade intends to surprise us— I won't baulk her. Bodkin, you are a good girl—

Bet. (*Curtseying.*) So my young man says, sir. [*Aside.*] It's all right !

Trun. Don't mention my enquiries to your mistress.

Bet. No, sir. [*Aside.*] I'll tell her every word.

Trun. If she thought I was acquainted with her secret, it might alter her plans.

Bet. That it would, sir, I'll answer for it !

Trun. And as I have no possible objection to her amusing herself, it would be a pity to give her unnecessary trouble.

Bet. It would indeed sir. If you only knowed the trouble she's had to persuade them gals to dress themselves up and do the nexercise, it'd astonish you. Then, when it con'd to the pinch, some of 'em was afraid to get into the boat !

Trun. What !

Bet. (*Aside.*) Oh, lord ! I've trod upon the cat's tail now !

Trun. What did you say about the boat ?

Bet. I—I only was going to say—that—that missus had a good deal of bother to make 'em thingemy—you know what.

Trun. Curse me, if I do ! What is it you mean ?

Bet. (*Quickly*) Play the boat's crew—that's it, sir. [*Aside.*] I'm afloat again !

Trun. What—what, not fond of the jackets ?

Bet. Oh, yes, sir ; they are fond enough of the jackets, but they don't like the trowsers.

Trun. Well, well—don't repeat this conversation to your young lady, and I shall do something for you

Bet. Thank ye, sir. Perhaps you'll rise my wages—make 'em guineas instead of pounds, and allow me a little more tea and sugar.

Enter Servant, R. H.

Serv. Sir Thomas Hardhead, sir, wishes to see you, if you are disengaged.

Trun. I'll wait upon Sir Thomas immediately. [*Exit* Servant, R. H.] Betsy, remain here 'till I return. Mind, no tat-

thing—secrecy, you jade, secrecy—and I'll think about the tea and sugar. Ha, ha! [Exit R. H.]

Bet. Well, I think I've led the old gentleman astray in the most splendacious style! He's as ignorant as a baby of missus's real intentions. Poor creturs! what *insinificant* things men is, when opposed to us women. This sailoring will turn out all very well, if they gals behave themselves and hold their tongues. I and Miss Fanny knows something about the water—she was almost brought up on it. My first loveyer was a sailor. I shall never forget him. He used to send me a little Cupid and a large anchor every year for a valentine. He never missed but once—then he fell overboard, and was swallowed by a shark. I cried for two days, I remember, because I wanted the Cupid to stick on the lid of my bonnet-box. I shall never forget the day we went a pleasuring in his ship and a storm came on!

SONG—BETSY.

First came the lightning's horrid flash,
Oh, how I scream'd and kicked—
Of thunder then so loud a crash,
I thought we were all wrecked.
The captain next began to swear—
It shock'd my nerves to hear.
The wind to roar, the sails to tear,
Lord, how I shook with fear!
Wind roaring, rain driving
Thunder growling, men striving—
Oh, dear! what terror and alarm,
In the confusion of a storm.

'Twas fearful while the tempest rag'd,
! To shake for precious life,
And see the elements engag'd
In fierce contending strife.
Good terra firma, then, for me,
And cheerful fire side;
I'll shun the perils of the sea,
Farewell the briny tide!

Wind roaring, &c.

[Exit L. H.]

Re-enter ADMIRAL TRUNNION, R. H.

Trun. This is an extraordinary business. Sir Thomas has acquainted me with! According to his shewing, Mr. Charles Herbert, my prisoner, is a gentleman in disguise—a man of character, family, and fortune, who absents himself from his friends, makes love to my daughter, and overturns all my arrangements, *incog*, as Sir Thomas calls it. I hate all such stuff! Why didn't he come boldly forward, and tell me he loved Fan, and was determined to have her—if I chose to give

my consent, all well and good—if not, he'd have her without it ! That would have been acting like a man and a gentleman—not persuade the girl to walk out with him on the sands, sighing and creeping like a pair of mermaids with the measles ! [*Looking through window.*] What's that ? my barge manned, pulling from shore ! [*Uses pocket telescope*] A fine jolly set of fellows ! Who are they—where do they come from—and what do they want ?

Enter Servant, R. H.

John, Where's your mistress ?

Serv. Gone out, sir.

Trun. Send Bodkin to me.

Serv. She's gone out, too, sir. I met her running down the garden to the water side, dressed up in a very queer outlandish fashion.

Trun. That explains it, then. Those fine jolly fellows are all young women, pulling towards the Bombshell. Eh ! I see it all now. This is the masquerading frolic, my ladies, is it ? I'll soon be about their quarters ! Run down to Sir Thomas Hardhead—give my compliments to him, and ask him for a file of marines, and a round of blank cartridges.

Serv. Yes, sir—[*Going.*]

Trun. Stop—order out my barge and crew, and wait for me at the Quay.

Serv. Yes, sir—[*Going*]

Trun. Stop ! These ladies shall soon smell powder, or I'm no seaman. Quick, you lubber—don't let the grass grow under your feet !

Serv. Yes, sir !

[*Exit R. H.*]

Trun. The drift of this contrivance must be the deliverance of Mr. Charles Herbert. They think to surprise the garrison, and liberate the prisoner. What will not woman do in the hour of need, for the man of her choice ? Dear woman's a companion in prosperity—a heroine in adversity ! Damme ! there's nothing like a petticoat to shelter a man in the hour of trouble !

[*Exit R. H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Main Deck of the Bombshell. Bulwarks across the Stage. Gangway, C. Four Guns. Mainmast and Rigging Ropes, Barrels, &c.*

CHASER and JOCKO discovered forcing HERBERT down a trap in C of Stage. Two Marines guard the gangways.

Chaser. Oh, you must go below !

Herb. This outrage shall be bitterly punished ! I will——

BEN BINNACLE enters and gives a paper to Chaser, who reads it—they then force Herbert down and shut trap.

Ben. There—he's safely stowed away. What the admiral can want with such a shore going fellow I can't even guess. It is all right, I dare say, though.

Jacko. Issa, massa Ben—right as em trivet. Ha, ha ! poo. buckra man in for a nice ting. [*Looks down grating.*]

Cha. It's no business of ours—we must keep him safe until further orders—[*Bell strikes four.*] Four bells ! Time for grog. Serve it out, Jacko !

Jacko. Issa, massa. [*Asids.*] Him take care serve himself, though ! [*Jacko brings forward a large bucket and drinking cups—they all come forward and sit on barrels, drinking—the Marines put down their guns and come forward also.*]

Cha. Ben, finish that yarn you began to spin us about the admiral's intended son-in law—Captain Cathead's wooden leg, and the shark. [*Drinks.*]

Jacko. Issa—do, massa, Ben. [*Pours out grog*] Damo good ! [*Drinks from bucket himself.*]

Cha. Teapot, keep your mouth from the bucket.

Jacko. Issa, massa. I no like it—[*Aside.*]—empty.

Ben. Here goes, shipmate. When Captain Cathead was a leutenant on board the *An—dre—monkey*, he was fishing one day over the starboard bulwark, and by some means slipped his cable and pitched overboard—and a devil of a fuss there was ! A perdigious large shark rose up out of the deep water at the same time, and made for the leutenant—he roared, and down went the jolly boat. We pulled for him, but we warn't in time, for the shark had got hold of his leg.

Jacko. Poor debil ! he put his foot in it, then.

Chaser. His leg.

Ben. Yes, but it was a wooden un ! [*All laugh.*]

Jacko. Ha, ha ! dat dam good. [*Drinks sily*]

Ben. Well, this master shark looked as if he couldn't make out what he'd got in his precious mouth. Away he tugged at the pin, and we tugged at Cathead ! Such splashing in the water never was seen ! We got him on board at last—set the leutenant safely on his legs, and brought master shark to his senses with two or three hatchets. Stuck in a hollow tooth we found a tinder box, and one of Murphy's Almanacks.

Omnes. Oh, oh ! that's too much, Ben.

Jacko. Oh, oh ! dat's too much ! [*Drinks.*]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha ! [*While they are carousing in the front of the Stage, FANNY, disguised as Lieutenant Firefly, ascends the gangway, leading the Blue Jackets, who advance cautiously and surround the Sailors. Tableau. Music.*]

Fan. (*Roughly*) Surrender !

Cha. (*Trying to speak.*) May I ——

Fan. (*Placing her sword to his mouth.*) Silence—hear me !

Jacko. (*To Bodkin, who has secured him*) Take him life massa, but don't spill him grog ! [*Kneeling.*]

Ben. Shiver my topsail, if this ar n't a pretty rig !

Fan. Silence, common sailor !

Ben. Common sailor ! What do you mean by that ? There's no such thing as a common sailor in the British navy !

Fan. Throw that fellow overboard !

Bet. (*Aside.*) Oh ! Who's to do it ?

Jacko. (*To Fanny.*) No, no—Massa Ben got no wooden leg for shark to pull at.

Fan. Harkye, my fine fellows—you are our prisoners—resistance is useess. Resign the command of your vessel quietly, or we'll—we'll—you don't know what.

Jacko. And him hope him neber shall

Cha. May I be so bold as to enquire your name, sir ?

Fan. Certainly—certainly. My name is Lieutenant Hotspur Firefly, of the Shyrocket fire ship—and these smart lasses—hem ! lads, I mean—form part of my crew. [*To Girls.*] Squib, Torch, Rought, Tough, Ginger, Powder blue, Long Tom, Marlinspike, Strike-a-light, and Pitch and-Tar, all able seamen in Her Majesty's service [*The Girls each salute when their names are called*]

Ben. (*Aside.*) He picks his way like a hen in silk stockings walking through a pig sty !

Cha. Perhaps you will oblige me with your authority for this sudden capture ?

Fan. With all the pleasure in life. [*Shewing paper.*] There, sir—there's my authority, and this is my argument—[*Presents sword.*]—rather a sharp one, eh ? Sky rockets, attention ! Tom Strike-a-light, guard the gangway !

Bet. (*To one of the Girls.*) She means you, Sally,

Girl. Aye, aye, your honour. [*Goes to gangway*]

Another Girl. (*Coming forward to Fanny.*) What am I to do miss, if you please ?

Fan. Hold up your head, and look like a man ! Rough and Tough, look to your prisoner—if they attempt to resist, present your swords and blow their brains out. , Squib and Torch, go

below, and bring up the young gentleman. [*The Girls salute her, and do as she bids them.*] Pitch and Tar, you stick by me.

Bet. Aye, aye, your honour

Cha. It generally does to a true sailor.

Ben. You don't mean to call him one, do you? A regular ghost of six upon four! He never smelt powder!

Fan. Thunder and cannon! say that to me? I, that was born amidst fire and smoke—nursed in a powder magazine—whose earliest playmates were cannon balls, marlinspikes, cutlasses, grape shot, and powder monkeys.

Ben. Powder monkeys! Loblolly boys, swabs, cook's mates, and cook's mates ministers!

Cha. You have seen active service, then, sir?

Fan. I rather think we have—sailed and fought in all parts of the globe. [*To Girls.*] Skyrockets, fall in, and shew these poor devils how to do their exercise, and handle their cutlasses like men. [*The Girls fall in, and go through the Cutlass and Boarding Pike Exercise—the Two Marines with drum and fife. Fanny and Chaser go up after Exercise and converse apart.*]

Ben. (*To Betsy.*) He's the right sort o' chap, after all.

Bet. Ain't he now? I know'd you'd like her.

Cen. Like her?

Bet. I mean him—the gentleman in blue, with the cocked hat and the golden thingembob on his shoulder.

Ben. (*Aside.*) This young grampus is a recruit, or a fresh water sailor. [*To Betsy*] Have any pigtail, messmate?

Bet. Pigtail? why you never eat 'em raw, do you?

Ben. Shiver my tops! you wouldn't boil 'bacca, would you? [*Offers tobacco box.*]

Bet. Tobacco! Take it away, do—or I shall bring my heart up. [*Runs up stage.*]

Ben. (*Laughing.*) Now that's what I call manly. [*Imitates her*] Bacca! Oh, take it away, or I shall bring my heart up—ha, ha! [*Fanny and Chaser advance*]

Fan. The document is correct and official—signed by the admiral. [*Aside.*] One of dad's blank signatures, filled up by myself. [*Herbert is brought up hatchway by Squib and Torch. Aside.*] My dear Charles! How handsome he looks!

Her. What is the meaning of this unwarrantable conduct? You appear to be an officer, sir—perhaps you will explain the outrage?

Ben. There's speechification for you!

Fan. Sir, you were brought here for two obvious reasons.

Firstly—because you were compelled to come; and secondly, because you couldn't help it. Are you satisfied, sir?

Her. You are no gentleman!

Fan. (*Aside.*) I know it. No gentleman! What the devil do you take me for, sir?

Her. Anything but a man.

Fan. (*Aside.*) Lord, I hope I haven't left any of my curl papers in.

Her. I ask you, if it be fair or manly to insult a being so completely in your power. Such conduct shows abject cowardice

Fan. (*Aside.*) I can't stand this much longer—I so long to hug the dear fellow!

Her. Be assured the civil authorities shall avenge me.

Bet. (*To Fanny*) Lord, miss, suppose we should be sent to sea in right down earnest?

Fan. You are not very partial to the salt water, then?

Her. Partial! I detest it, and everything connected with it.

Fan. And every body, pray?

Her. I am not disposed to make you my confessor, sir. [*He turns up stage.*]

Fan. Proud as Lucifer! I'll punish him a little before I liberate him, for his snappishness. Skyrockets, fall in, I say! [*The Girls seem not to understand.*]

Bet. (*To the Girls.*) She means us.

Fan. Attention! [*To one of the Girls.*] Mary Jones, hold your tongue—hem! [*Betsy laughs*] Pitch and Tar, order! You have all been very good girls—I mean, good to the girls, and lions to the men, therefore I'll give you a treat. [*One of the Girls curtsies—Fanny runs before her to hide her from the Sailors.*]

Ben. That's a rum caper, any how!

Fan. Strikealight, pipe all hands for mischief—you shall have a dance [*A Girl endeavours to whistle but cannot, which Betsey perceiving, pushes her on one side, and whistles herself with a Boatswain's call*]

Omnes. Thank ye—thank ye!

Ben. A hornpipe—a hornpipe, for the honour of the navy.

Jacko. Iss, massa—a hornpipe for de honour of de graby!

Fan. Ha, ha! be it so, with all my heart. Marine, beat ime. Blackee, give an eye to your prisoner:

Jacko. Iss, massa. Him gib an eye and a foot, too, if him tempt to run away.

Cha Hadn't the Skyrockets better take some grog before they begin?

Jacko Iss, and the Bombshells, too, massa shaver.

Bet. I hate the nasty stuff!

Fan. My crew never touch ardent spirits—they belong to a temperance ship.

Ben. Regular water bewitched! Tea-toast-and bread and-butter sailors! That accounts for their being so slack in stays!

Bet. (To one of the Girls.) Polly, is my stay lace down?

Fan. Fire away, my boys!

SOLO AND CHORUS.

We sailors lead a merry, merry life,
Free from care, thought or strife—
Fill up the glass, drink to our lass,
Merrily thus our time we pass.

With a fal la!, &c.

[A hornpipe of Ten is executed by the Girls, holding small Union Jacks, which are arranged round the Mast—towards the end of it Ben and Jacko join in—at the end one of the Girls drops a pair of scissors, attached to a pincushion.]

Ben. (Picking up scissors.) What's this, your honour?

Fan (Aside) Confound the girl! [Aloud.] Tom, Strike-alight, you are much too fond of sail-making. Why didn't you leave your scissors at home?

Bet. (Aside) She wanted them to cut out with, miss.

Cha. (Who has been looking over the bulwarks with a glass.) Two strange craft in sight. one of them carrying the Admiral's flag and manned with mariners, steering towards the ship. [Ben and Jack go up]

Fan. (Aside.) I'm lost then, my father has discovered all—escape will be impossible! Poor Herbert, I tremble for him. We must brave it out. Rough and tough, remove your prisoner—place him under hatches. [The Girls do not move]

Bet (To Girls.) Don't you hear? you must put him under that gridiron looking thing. [Points to grating—the Girls assisted by Jacko, remove Herbert.]

Fan. Now, boys, clear the decks and prepare for action—boatswain pipe to quarters. I shall defend the vessel in her majesty's name to the last. [Aside.] I'm sure I shall faint!

Ben. Huzza! there's some fun in this.

Bet. (Aside) You're only going to make believe, are you, miss? us poor girls can't fit!

Fan. I know it, but they must pretend to fall in—hem ! [*The Girls form a line*]

Bet. I shall fall down I'm sure ! [*The Girls appear much alarmed.*]

Cha The boats approach ——

Fan. Lord do they ? call me a coach then ! [*A Girl comes forward and whispers to Fanny.*] No, Miss, you can't do any such thing. Squib says her dinner's ready, and she must go home ! Behave like men, and I'll give you a new gown each. [*Aloud.*] Skyrockets, try your discipline, and prepare to receive the enemy !

Cha (*On the look out.*) They are nearing the vessel !

Fan. Oh, oh ! I'm anything but myself !

Ben. (*Looking out.*) Huzza ! huzza ! here they come. Now for a row ! [*Girls scream, and run about alarmed.*]

Fan. Man the guns ! Oh, dear ! Skyrockets, don't go off yet—behave like men.

Bet. We can't—we don't know how.

Jacko. Oh, oh ! dat dam good—ha, ha ! [*Laughs.* Fanny and Betsy put the gun through the port hole the wrong way—a single shot is heard—the Girls all fall down as if shot—Fanny on a gun carriage.]

Ben. My eyes ! the Skyrockets have gone off with a bang ! [*A number of guns are discharged, ADMIRAL TRUNNION, Sailors, and Marines come on board. Music*]

Trun. (*Aside.*) So, so, my ladies, you are there are you.—Where are these desperate mutineers that have dared to take forcible possession of your ship, Mr. Chaser ?

Ben. All dead, your honor, mortally wounded !

Trun. So much the better—it saves further trouble. Throw them all overboard !

Ben. Aye, aye ! [*Attempts to raise Betsy*]

Bet. (*Looking up.*) If you touch me, I'll slap your face !

Trun. Hallo ! treachery here. Fire, marines !

Fan. (*Very faintly.*) Stop, stop ! we are killed dead enough already !

Trun. Who is that ?

Ben. A reg'lar fire eater, your honor ! a chap that was nursed on a gun carriage.

Trun. He seems rather partial to his old nurse still. Hand the gentleman forward ! [*Chaser brings Fanny forward.*]

Fan. Oh, I am very bad !

Trun. So, young gentleman, you've been guilty of high treason, taking forcible possession of a vessel in Her Majesty's

service. A heavy punishment awaits you and your unhappy companions.

Bet. (*And the Girls.*) Oh ! [*Groaning.*]

Jacko. Dem bery bad, poor tings !

Ben. Silence, Day and Martin !

Trun. To-night you'll remain on board.

Fan And I hav'n't my night cap with me !

Trun. To-morrow you'll sail double ironed for the West Indies ! [*Girls weep.*]

Bet. Oh, my poor John Thomas, I shall never see you not never no more ! [*Crying.*]

Ben. Pitch and Tar s bringing 'em up with a wet sail.

Trun. It seems that the rescue of your prisoner, Mr. Herbert, formed the principal feature of this expedition. Come forward, sir ! [*He comes forward.*] Pray, sir, was you concerned in this mutinous affair ?

Fan. (*Quickly*) No, that he was not !

Trun. Silence, sir !

Ben. (*Aside.*) Send him to his nurse again !

Trun This is the ringleader, eh ? Marines, make ready ! I'll shoot the desperado on the spot. Present—[*Marines level their pieces.*]

Fan. (*Rushing before Herbert.*) If you shoot him, I'll be killed too !

Bet. (*Aside.*) If killing didn't hurt, I'd be killed three !

Trun. (*Affecting to discover Fanny's sex.*) A woman !

Bet. (*The Girls advance.*) Yes, sir ; and here are ten or twelve more harmless creatures.

Ben. (*Aside.*) Here's a precious go ! the men's all women ! I only wish I'd have known it before. [*Ben, Chaser, and Jacko chase the Girls up the Stage, kissing and embracing them —Girls scream*]

Bet. Oh, what will my mamma say when she knows I am out sailing ? [*Sobbing.*]

Trun. Madam, there is but one female that would have so far forgotten herself as to have ventured upon this wild scheme, and she is —

Fan. Your spoiled daughter ! [*Runs to him.*] Pray forgive my imprudence !

Her. (*Aside.*) Dear, girl !

Trun. Well, well, I suppose I must laugh at the frolic !—Sir Thomas Hardhead has spoken rather favourably of you, sir—he named something of family and fortune. There take her hand, and make your own terms with the little baggage ! Now,

girls, what am I to say to you, more especially to the young lady in the gentleman's petticoats?

Bet. Not a word, your worship. It won't make any difference in the tea and sugar, I hope! but don't say anything about it, for if John Thomas only heard of this, he'd have the sulks for a blue moon!

Trun. Well well, I'll give you all a treat, and we'll finish our adventures by drinking happiness to her majesty's service.

Faz. Stop a moment, dear pa, if you please—there is one essential point necessary to the fulfilment of our happiness!—
[*To Audience.*] The good wishes of our friends. Sky rockets, form a line! [*Girls fall in.*] Advance! [*They advance in a line.*] Salute! [*They do it—Fanny steps forward.*] Ladies and Gentlemen, may I be permitted to say one word in behalf of the Blue Jackets? They are at your mercy—you are our judges—our Lords of the Admiralty; if we do not pass your judgment favourably, we shall be thought unfit for service, and laid up accordingly; but if we have been fortunate enough to secure your approbation, I think I may venture to say, this will no be our last appearance in HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Union Jack.		Sailors.	Union Jack.	
Six Marines.		Skyrockets.	Six Marines.	
Jacko.	Trunnion.	Fanny.	Herbert.	Chaser. Ben.



